

## **The Red Carpet at Fashion Week: Yvonne Best**

Wrapped in evening dress, I eyed-up the red carpet and watched the warehouse building's entrance lights direct the small crowd to tread the red inside.

The reception person checking the guest list ushered me through and flattered me that we had met before.

I drank the champagne and took in the school-like chairs in rows on either side of the catwalk. A boxed in stage at one end of the cavernous two-storey room framed the entrance.

I was on holiday, it was New York fashion week, and I had a front-row invitation.

A chance supper earlier that week with some back-from-home journalists. Before it knew it, I was going in place of a fashion journalist with too many invitations. She said I'd be really helping her out.

So, I glided into this stately affair under false name and credentials with notepad and poised pen.

My front row seat looked across to Roseanne Barr and Spike Lee. There were others as well. Celebs on one side, industry and the press on the other.

Lingerie for older ladies was the billing, featuring retired magazine-famous modelling faces. Anna Nicole-Smith was the catwalk star. She walked only once with emphasised indolent smirk and drunken sway. At the end of the catwalk, she dropped to hands and knees and tossed her long blond tresses at the end, with ample pause for us to take in the sight.

The closing act, Kiss, glam-rocked to a slightly roused but chair-glued audience and thousands of tiny glittering pieces of foil snowed from the ceiling to close the curtain on the show.

And the thrill of the night for me? That darling young person who signed me in and flattered me with 'we've met before.' She really did think I was famous.